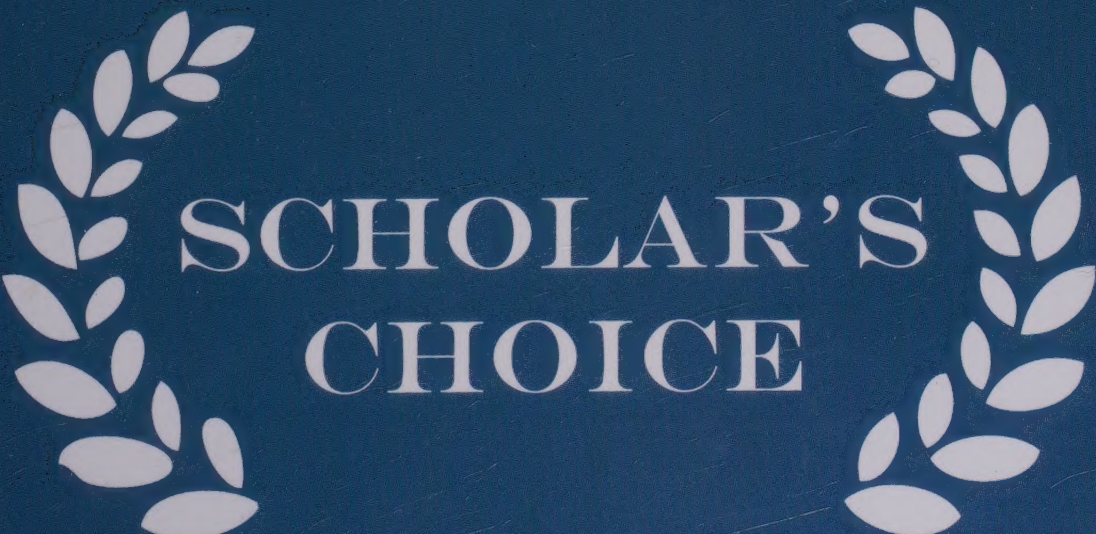


The Life And
Work Of Lady
Butler (miss
Elizabeth
Thompson)...

Wilfrid Meynell



SCHOLAR'S
CHOICE

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The 1st Journal-Livre, p. 11, 12, 13, 14



From the painting by Sir J. B. Buller

Engraved by J. H. Stanger

Forever Eterna!

London, 1870. The Journal

In the Collection of L. E. P. in the possession of the Library of the University of the City of Paris

THE LIFE AND WORK
OF
LADY BUTLER (MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON)

By
WILFRID MEYNELL

London
The Art journal office
1898.

THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

LADY BUTLER.

LADY BUTLER, when she made her name famous as Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the painter of 'The Roll Call,' achieved one of the most sudden among enduring reputations. To the great public—from the Prince of Wales, who made her praise the point of his speech at the Academy Ban-

quet, to the eager crowd that required, as it did in the day of David Wilkie's 'Blind Piddler,' a policeman to control it in the exhibition, and that was, one morning, doomed to disappointment because the Queen herself had commanded that the picture should be withdrawn from its place and come to her, as she could not go to it—to all of these the name of the young artist was a new one. They had the added pleasure of a surprise in her achievement. Yet, to those who knew her, there was nothing astonishing about it. Nor, in the nature of the case, could there be. Only by hard work and long labour, united to the initial capacity which is born and not made, can any such result be achieved, except in the pages of a "realist's" novel.

The kingdom of heaven comes by violence; and by no less comes any triumph of human art. And this painter had done violence to her youth; her days had been days of discipline, given over to obser-

vation, to application, to technical study. Enthusiasm and the vocation to be a painter might lighten the toil, but the toil had to be there.

In early childhood that vocation was known to her. At the age of five she was already drawing, without

science, but with spirit. For the development of any talent she had, she was happily situated. Her mother was an amateur artist—"the rightness of those drawings of hers humiliates one," wrote Mr. Ruskin to one of her daughters in later years. Her father, too, was a connoisseur in most things, and able to give his child the encouragement that has been withheld, by ill-luck, from most children of decisive talent in the arts. A man of leisure, he devoted it wholly, for some twelve years, to the education of his two daughters, who had no other schooling than his. He loved travel; and the "grand tour" he had made when he left Cambridge did not settle him down as a stay-at-home; nor did a subsequent visit to America. He had no ties to bind him to England, for an attempt, made in



Lady Butler in her Studio, 1898.

conjunction with John Evelyn Denison, to carry Weymouth in the Free Trade interest, failed, as did another half-hearted effort to enter Parliament. He and his wife,

1898.

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therefore—who owed to Charles Dickens their first introduction to each other—became constant searchers after sunshine. Dickens joined the Thompsons before their dilatory wedding-journey was over; and he had not long left the young couple in Switzerland when he wrote to them congratulations, appearing in his published "Letters," on the birth, at Lausanne, of the eldest of their two children, the subject of this sketch.

All her early years were divided between Italy and England. The Eastern Riviera gave sun to her winters, and the summers found her in the heart of the "Home Counties." Despite exacting "home-lessons," she had, in the companionship of a sister, freedom to run about on the hills of Nervi, or to watch the horses at their farmhouse work. The familiarity with animal life was peculiarly favourable to the Rosa Bonheur aspirations of the little girl; and her power of observation was stimulated



*Edward the Black Prince and King John of France (his prisoner)
riding into London (p. 3).
Early Composition. By Lady Butler.*

by the dramatic and expressive manners and actions of the Italian peasantry. Everywhere the family went—with a more than Badaween fondness for liberty of movement—the child's head was out of the window, whether of hotel or of diligence, watching, with an inexhaustible interest, the changing of horses, the action of soldiers, the ever-varying humours of the roadside. In Kent hop-gardens and the parks of Surrey, her eyes were always at work. The movement of the cricket-field was a delight to her, and so, too, was the labour of the cart-horses in the hay-field. Drawing she had by nature, as Dogberry held that mankind in general had reading and writing. Indeed, drawing came to her as the easiest of the three. To reconcile the conflicting claims, her father devised the plan of reading aloud to her while she sketched. History, ancient and modern, could be thus instilled—whatever breaks were necessary when languages had to be acquired and sums done.

There is a tradition that sums were the *crux* of the little girl of eight in the billiard-room which served for a school-room in the old palace on the Mediterranean, the Villa de' Franchi, where the most roving of families was constrained by the beauty about it to linger. The back-windows looked out on hills of olives. On the right, twelve miles away, were the Bay of Genoa and the long line of snow-peaked Apennines leading down to the sea. To the left was the promontory of Porto Fino, the favourite



*Early Sketch (p. 3).
By Lady Butler.*

walk of the little girls, when they tired of playing in their garden, a garden of vine, olive, maize, flowers, and corn, descending, terrace by terrace, to the rocks, with a fountain of marble, warmed through by the sun, its basin lined with maiden-hair, playing at the junction of each flight of steps. Into that school-room one morning, as the little girls remember, a robust Englishman walked when they were in the middle of the multiplication-table; and it will not be the fault of Charles Dickens, who took the rôle of pedagogue with hilarious emphasis, if they ever forget that nine times nine makes eighty-one. Parents who, like Sir Austin Feverel, are always in search

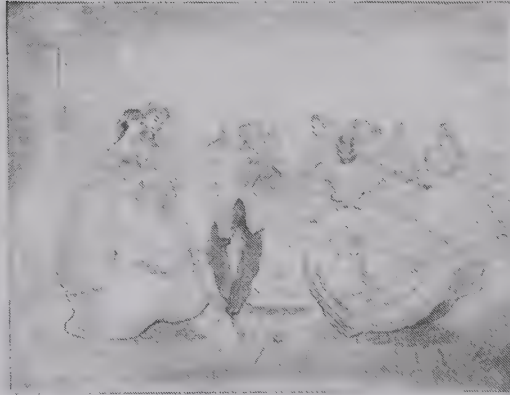


*Early Sketch (p. 3).
By Lady Butler.*

of "a system," may be ready to hear that the scheme of accomplishments which this father devised for his girls included their proficiency as riders, as swimmers, as markswomen with the billiard-ball and the bullet.

That devoted father and teacher died in 1881. "Of himself he has left no vestiges," wrote one in "A Remembrance" of him. "The delicate, the abstinent, the reticent graces were his in the heroic degree, and he had always prayed temperate prayers, and harboured probable wishes. His sensibility was extreme, but his thought was generalised. . . . His darkening eyes said in the extreme hour 'I have compassion on the multitude.'"

Lady Butler's first regular artistic studies were made in England. Entering, with other students, upon the elementary course of design at South Kensington, she saw herself at so long a distance from the "life" at which she aimed that, for once, she nearly lost heart. Her sketch-books, dating from her early and middle teens, show her already able to draw with verve, and with full promise of the strength time was afterwards to reveal. That she was to be a mistress of movement was indicated by these drawings, samples of which we reproduce here. It was "the life" she wanted at South Kensington, and did not get. So she withdrew from the classes, took lessons in oil-painting from Mr. Standish, sketched at home, and



*Early Sketch (p. 3).
By Lady Butler.*

then, armed with specimens of her work, presented herself again at the doors of South Kensington, hoping to move the authorities, so that they might relax the official routine, and allow her to go on at once to draw from the antique, if not from the living model.

The then headmaster, Mr. Richard Burchett, looked at her work, and she had her desire. He at once admitted her to the advanced rooms, and before she had finished her course there she began to send to exhibitions, first to the Society

of British Artists, which rejected her, and then to the Dudley Gallery. To that "nursery of young reputations" she offered a water-colour sketch of 'Bavarian Artillery going into Action.' It was hung, and was followed each season by other drawings in water-colour. Critics are supposed to be blind; but critics at once remarked the new hand. They recognised in her an artist who through animal-painting, through landscape, through portraiture, was finding her way to military painting—a branch of art in which England had hitherto won no victories. In her they made welcome one who, despite her sex, was to do among us what De Neuville and Detaille were preparing to do in France. Here was a painter who had thrown off falsity, and was done with convention; who had decided, in short, to study the soldier for herself, to see the unit where others had seen the group. Mr. Tom Taylor, of the *Times*, gave the first word of encouragement. The *Pall Mall Gazette* mentioned her vivacity with Fortune's;



*The Cistercian Shepherd and his Flock (p. 22).
By Lady Butler.*



Study from life for
'A Desert Grave' (p. 15).
By Lady Butler.



Studies for 'Camel Corps' from life (p. 10).



Study from life for 'A Desert Grave'
(p. 15).
By Lady Butler.

and the *Saturday Review* spoke of her faces as the outcome of a dramatic imagination almost Shakesperian.

A return to Florence began for Lady Butler, who had now entered her twenties, a course of close training under the eye of an excellent draughtsman, Signor Bellucci. Sedulously, day by day, she worked in his studio in one of the quietest paved streets of the city—Via Santa Reparata; and, when the heat drove the master for a holiday in the country, the undaunted pupil varied her course by copying the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto and Franciabigio in the cloisters of the great popular church, the Santissima Annunziata. She rose early and breakfasted alone to make the most of her time; and no amusement or distraction, not music even or dancing, had power to tempt her from the labour that was also delight. It was, perhaps, the pious association of the place, no less than the suggestion of her mother (who had already joined the Catholic Church, into which she was followed at later dates by her husband and her daughters), that led her to choose a religious subject for her first important picture in oil-colour. It represented 'The Visitation,' and showed the figures of the two women, the old doing homage to the young, in a golden glow of light. Begun in Florence, it was finished in Rome, where it was exhibited and where it received "honourable mention."

She was now done with study, except in the sense in which an artist is all through life a student. Her thoughts turned to England, and to the Royal Academy, whither, therefore, she sent 'The Visitation.' It was rejected, and came back on her hands, with a hole through the canvas. Next year she sent again. Again she was rejected. With a third attempt her name had an entry in the Academy catalogue; and 'Missing'—an imaginary incident of the Franco-German war, showing two wounded French officers with one mount finding their way across a desolate country in the wake of battle—was hung, though hung out of sight. It had its admirer even so, however, for it found a purchaser.

Moreover, a manufacturer from the North shortly

afterwards gave the happy artist a commission to paint a picture for a hundred pounds, a picture for which she had long had an idea.

It should be named 'Calling the Roll after an Engagement in the Crimea,' and should show the survivors of a battalion of Guards, after an engagement, as they fell into line on the snow, to answer to their names called out by a sergeant passing, roll in hand, along the ranks. Beside him was a mounted field officer, himself and his charger besmirched with the dust of a hard day's fighting, with a look in his face from which the sternness of command had faded, giving place to the grief with which he noted the ravage of battle in his ranks. The artist's family, who had settled for the time in the Isle of Wight, where a modest studio had been built for her in a garden, did not smile upon the idea—it was, they said, too dismal. So that to her belonged the double credit of her choice and of her fidelity to it. The sketches she made in Ventnor were transferred to London, where a studio was taken in The Avenue, South Kensington, and where the picture of some hopes, but of far greater realisation, was painted during the winter of 1873-4.

Rejected and damaged; rejected; accepted and skied—that had been the progressive record of Lady Butler's contributions to Burlington House; and now the work of

the year was to be accepted and hung upon the line. How much more it was to be, nobody could guess. But the first rumour of success reached the young artist in her house in the Isle of Wight in a note from Mr. Herbert, R.A., one of the selecting committee. "The decisions being now over," he wrote, "I may tell you with what pleasure I greeted the picture when it came before us to judgment. I was so struck by the excellent work in it that I proposed that we should lift our hats, and give it, and you, though personally unknown to me,



Study for 'Camel Corps' (p. 16).

By Lady Butler.



*The Camel Corps (p. 10).
By Lady Butler.*

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a round of huzzas, which was generally done. You now know my feelings with regard to your work, and may be sure I shall do everything, as one of the hangers, that it may be seen on our walls." That was an end to anxiety about its acceptance at any rate, and the varnishing ticket duly arrived.

Then came the private view, then the papers of the following day, then the night of the banquet. The Prince of Wales, paying his tribute to the picture, prophesied for the artist "a great future"; and the Duke of Cambridge, who spoke as a seasoned soldier, and one who had himself shared the perils and glories of the Crimean campaign, frankly confessed: "It is astonishing to me how any young lady should have been able to grasp the speciality of soldiers under the circumstances delineated in that picture. I looked at it the other day for a long time," added the then Commander-in-chief, "and I was struck by the military character which pervades the grouping and expression of the piece. I have no doubt, if the young lady continues to produce such pictures, she has the prospect of becoming a most distinguished artist, and one of whom the country will have reason to be proud."

What the Academicians and Royalties had said, the public repeated, the critics ratified. It is not given to many masters of the arts to have the approbation of the profession, yet to move the breasts of the million. But an audience of the whole people listened to this young girl's story. They shortened its title from that of the catalogue into 'The Roll Call,' thus giving the picture, as is usual in the case of anything they greatly care for, a name of their own. The public press was full of it. Wild stories were set afloat about the artist; a quarter of a million of her photographs were sold; the very retirement of her private life, and the simplicity of her nature, fostered the public curiosity, and she became, in spite of herself, and wholly through her work, a lion. The mere fact that the painter was not a man, but that her subject was the soldier, touched the popular heart; so unexpected in English art was the association of the soldier and the woman.

All that season, therefore, the Academy crowd merged, and struggled, and precipitated itself upon the left-hand corner of Gallery No. 2; and when the exhibition closed, the picture of the year made another little visit—a very touching one. Miss Florence Nightingale, even then confined to her room by chronic suffering, wrote to the artist to ask that the representation of her dear old friends, the soldiers of the Crimea, might be taken to her bedside; and so it was. Moreover, separate from the soldier interest, or that of the association of the soldier and the woman, was the interest that was strictly feminine. In the triumph of one woman, the generous dared to see a new opening for all women in the world of art, a hint of some further deliverance of the hand-bound sex.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, in the *Daily Telegraph*, gave expression to that hope in the course of a notice which is now old enough to have a new interest of its own. "Miss E. Thompson," he said, "a young lady scarcely



Our Picnic on Camels, Alexandria (p. 16). Memory sketch.

By Lady Butler.

heard of hitherto, with a modest, sober, unobtrusive painting, but replete with vigour, with judgment, with skill, with expression, and with pathos—such expression



Study for 'Camel Corps.' From life (p. 16).

By Lady Butler.

as we marvel at in Hogarth for its variety, such pathos as we recognise under the rough or stiff militarism of Horace Vernet—has shown her sisters which way they should go, and has approved herself the valiant compeer even of most famous and most experienced veterans of



Sketch of Officer at Tent-Pegging. From life (p. 18).
By Lady Butler.

the line. To the unselect many, to the general public, Miss Thompson is as new as the Albert Memorial at Kensington; and it is for that reason that we hail her appearance with this honest, manly Crimean picture, as full of genius as it is of industry. We say that this sign is a wholesome one; because in every work of art-excellence executed by a woman, and command-



Sketch of Scots Greys Officer 'Lemon-Cutting.'
From No. 7. 1851.
By Lady Butler.

ing public acceptance and applause, we see a manacle knocked off a woman's wrist, and a shackle hacked off her ankle. We see her enlarged from wasting upon fruitless objects the sympathies which should be developed for the advantage of humanity. We see her endowed with a vocation which can be cultivated in her own home, without the risk of submission to any galling tyranny or more galling patronage."

The artist must have felt happy to be told that, by her hit in her profession, she had made new possibilities for her sex; nor was she, even with that, at the end of her triumphs, which must have become a little monotonous had she not taken them all as an artist should—lightly and aloofly. The crown of them came when the Queen gave her a bracelet, and expressed her wish to be the possessor of the picture. To Her Majesty, therefore, it was ceded by its owner, Mr. Charles Galloway, on condition that the artist should paint him another in its place, which she willingly did. 'The Roll Call' now hangs at Osborne, and it may be of interest to add that a copy of it has lately been made in oils by the Princess Louise.

In the following year, 1875, 'Quatre Bras' was exhi-



Sketch of Officer at Tent-Pegging. From life (p. 18).
By Lady Butler.

bited at the Academy. It was an attempt to illustrate the demeanour of the Twenty-eighth Regiment of British Foot at Quatre Bras on the 16th of June, 1815. Captain Siborne, who knew every inch of the ground, was the authority whom the artist relied upon when he said that the square of the Twenty-eighth and the Royals took up their position "in a field of particularly tall rye." There they were assailed by the enemy's cavalry, comprising cuirassiers and Polish Lancers, who closed a series of unsuccessful attempts by a charge delivered simultaneously against three faces of the square. The failure to break their formation "was productive of much levity among the younger soldiers"—and these are in the front line, with their insupportable mirth—

"And that remembered laughter
Was all untuned to pity and to awe."

The impression made by the artist the year before was repeated. "The picture," said Mr. Tom Taylor in the *Times*, noticing it at the head of all, "is the most remarkable second step, after such a first as rendered an advance all but impossible."

The *Daily Telegraph* gave almost an entire article to the single picture, saying, "We have devoted so much space to this young lady's performance because we are satisfied that it is the 'Quatre Bras' picture to which the



Study for 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers' (p. 9).

By Lady Butler.

public at the Royal Academy on this opening morning will most eagerly flock." But there was one voice, and that the most prized among critics, that had yet to be heard. Mr. Ruskin had not written for fifteen years till that year his "Notes on the Royal Academy." Frank as ever, he confessed: "I never approached a picture with more inquisitorial prejudice against it, than I did Miss Thompson's; partly because I have always said that no woman could paint; and secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing." Then he adds, in generous amends: "But it is Amazon's work this, no doubt of it; and the first fine pre-Raphaelite picture of battle we have had;—profoundly interesting; and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. Of course, all that needs be said of it, on this

side, must have been said twenty times over in the Journals; and it remains only for me to make my tardy genuflection, on the trampled corn, before this Pallas of Pall Mall;—and to murmur my poor words of warning to her, that she remember, in her day of triumph, how it came to pass that Atalanta was stayed and Camilla slain. Camilla-like the work is—chiefly in its refinement, a quality I had not in the least expected, for the cleverest women



Study of hands for 'Quatre Bras' (p. 5).

By Lady Butler.

always show their weakness in endeavours to be dashing. But actually, here, what I suppose few people would think of looking at—the sky is the most tenderly painted, and with the truest outlines of cloud, of all in the exhibition;—and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme right, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse just seen through the smoke below—is wrought, through all the truth of its frantic passion, with gradations of colour and shade of which I have not seen the like since Turner's death." There is nothing to add to that.

"If all men were like you, it would be worth while to be a woman," said the Baroness to Prince Otto; and if all critics were like Mr. Ruskin, it were worth while indeed to be a painter. The care devoted by the artist to her soldiers' hands is shown in the studies here given.

There is no need to follow in detail the repetition of these popular triumphs. 'Balaklava'—the return of a handful of the Light Brigade up the brow of a hill after the famous charge—was the next picture. It was separately exhibited, as also, a year later, was 'The Return from Inkerman.' Two stretchers with wounded officers are being carried. Beside one, rides a staff-officer on his pony. Some Grenadier and Coldstream Guards are moving off to the right, beyond the French ambulance; and farther afield, in the gathering mist of that November day, are the ruins of Inkerman and the heights from which, early in the morning, the Russian guns played on the artillery of the 2nd Division as it struggled up to the ridge over which the troops are now passing, and on the brow of which was the fierce fight around Pennefather's guns. The dead belong to the British; no Russian soldier passed during that day beyond the crest of the ridge. The picture was exhibited, not only throughout England, but at the International Exhibition in Paris in 1877.

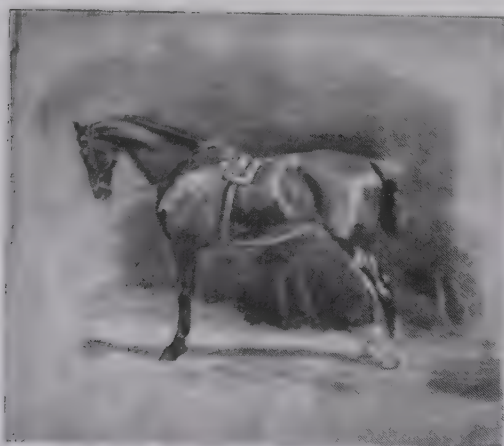
In 1879 were exhibited 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers,' and 'The Remnants of an Army,' two pictures which might illustrate the beginnings and the endings of war-making. The recruiting scene was painted in Ireland—a country which has supplied the British Army with so many of its braves in all ranks, from Wellington's day to Wolseley's. By her marriage with one of these, General Sir William Butler, K.C.B., the painter of heroes became the wife of a soldier of experience in every corner of the earth, who has entered Africa from four sides, fought with fever and forest in Ashanti, and faced the solitudes and snows of the Great Lone Land, at home equally in the Red River Expedition or in command of that "campaign of the cataracts" which went to Khartoum; one who in lighter mood has picnicked with Lord Wolseley under the Pyramids, in a luxury of far-fetched associations, on a bit of the imperishable pemmican they had eaten together by their sledges



LISTED FOR THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS

BY LADY BISHOP

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THESE RANGERS WAS TAKEN BY LADY BISHOP



Portrait of a Charger (p. 16).
By Lady Butler.

in the extreme north of another continent, while their dogs curled themselves up in sheltering snow; and one, moreover, who has included the pen in his armoury, and "could have written all my books about landscape and picture," Mr. Ruskin says in "Our Fathers have told us." The two right hands which had done so much strenuous work in separate departments were joined together by Cardinal Manning in 1877, Lord Wolseley, the chief beside whom this comrade had often stood in the hour of triumph, now reversing the rôle and witnessing this conquest of amity, of all conquests the most enduring.

What the artistic possibility of Ireland may be, she has had few artists of her own to show; but we have a hint of it in the solemn but brilliant lighting and scenery of "Listed for the Connaught Rangers," which forms one of our extra Plates, and in the noble types of Lady Butler's two young peasants. They leave their native



Study of my Syrian Pony. From No. 1 (p. 14).
By Lady Butler.

glen with a tender regret concealed under masculine reserve, and march with a steadfastness, but yet with a melancholy, in keeping with the atmosphere and the scene. The aspect of landscape and sky presents a peculiarly pure effect of Irish climate after rain. The very air of such days seems to be twice washed; the earth has the freshness of the weather, and the sky is swept, in all its regions, clear of mist. Lady Butler studied the scene of her plain but significant drama in her favourite glen amongst the hills of Kerry, a place where the local colour of the hillsides is deep, and the air limpid with the peculiar limpidity of a moist climate. The clearness of the dry sky—the higher Egyptian, for example—has often been described; but not so often the transparency of the sea-surrounded airs of our own isles, in certain winds, and after the flight of rains and clouds from sea to sea again. Lady Butler's young peasant recruits have been obliged to confess themselves beaten in the fight with poverty, barrenness, and the vague authority to which, it is to be feared, the Irish peasant has only too intelligibly inherited a tendency to attribute some, at least, of his troubles. They have had to give up the fight for agriculture, and to quit the soil, and they abandon it, with no feeble or complaining hearts, in one of its most beautiful phases. In the midst of the wild glen a disroofed cabin or two stand as a sign; and these poor wrecks are not introduced into the picture by any violence, or for the sake of forcing a dramatic effect. Glens like this have their disroofed cabins as a common incident of their deepened solitudes. Nor has the artist put any great emphasis



Studies of hands for "Quatre Brés" (p. 3).
By Lady Butler.



Memory Sketch in Alexandria (p. 16).

By Lady Butler.

upon the pathos of such a vestige of defeat; the hopeful young soldier, who casts a glance upon one of the lost homes of his people, does not march to his own new life with an enfeebled heart.

In 'The Remnants of an Army'—a favourite picture with the artist, and now in the possession of the nation in the Tate Gallery—we have Dr. Brydon and the miserable pony which is to sink down dead at the very moment it has borne in safety to Jellalabad, besieged by the Afghans and garrisoned by the English, the only man who escaped the common massacre of General Elphinstone's force of 16,000 men—the mortal tragedy of 1842. The artist has shown the fugitive raising himself with a final effort to look towards the friendly walls, in sight at last, whence already issues a group of soldiers who have been anxiously awaiting tidings of the army, and will have them now from this solitary fainting figure discerned while yet far off upon the arid plain.

All of these pictures, painted in the 'seventies, had their day of

crowds, of congratulations, of controversy. But the *furor* did not pass with their disappearance into private



Study of Egyptian Donkey-Barber. From life (p. 16).

By Lady Butler.



Engraving of Receipt of 1871.

The Lady Butler.

collections; for, with one exception, each picture was engraved, and the impressions went out in unparalleled numbers. They are to be found, not only in the mess-rooms of the British Army, but, you might say, in Clubs, Homes, and Institutes all the way from John o' Groat's to Land's End; they are familiar in the Colonies and in the United States; they are to be seen in the shop windows of Moscow, where Prince Louis Napoleon bought 'Scotland for Ever!' (p. 13), to give it to the Czar, Honorary Colonel of the Scots Greys; and one at least of them hangs in the private apartments of the Emperor of Germany, a present from the Prince of Wales. Works already so familiar in engravings we shall not need to reproduce; but there is one exception, the 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers,' of which no engraving has been made before.

About this time the question of Lady Butler's admission to the Royal Academy began to be publicly discussed. Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser had been nominated among the first thirty-six immortals—Mary Moser, the daughter of the man who did more than anyone to found the Academy (from which Sir Joshua at first stood aloof),—and "Miss Angel," the beloved of half the painters of her time. But no woman had ever been deliberately and openly elected. There had seemed to be a delicacy, or some sort of difficulty, about it; and long tradition had come to confirm, as it were, the reluctance of man. Real difficulty, to some eyes, there seemed to be. Would the woman Academician attend Council meetings, or be on the Hanging Committee, or teach in the schools? The questions were asked conclusively, as if they supplied their

own answer. And dark hints remained behind. Yet were there some signs of relenting; and at a meeting of the Academy, in 1879, a woman's name appeared upon the slate. The method of voting at Burlington House is somewhat complex; but in the first ballot Lady Butler had the highest score—12 votes out of a possible 32, Mr. Herkomer following with 10, and a number of odd votes being scattered and lost over a dozen other names. A second vote for those candidates who had secured four or more votes in the first ballot gave Mr. Herkomer 18 votes, Lady Butler 16, Mr. Dicksee 8, and 10 votes unequally divided between two others. The final ballot between the two most favoured candidates gave Mr. Herkomer 27 votes and Lady Butler 25. Two votes, transferred, would have won the battle for women. But that was not to be; and the opportunity, like so many others, once lost, was lost for long, if not for ever. The old arguments resumed their sway. A woman had so much advantage over a man in the public interest given to her work merely as a woman—what could she desire further? Then again, Lady Butler was delayed in the completion of one of her pictures, and the Queen asked that she might be given a week's grace, so that she had the Academician's sending-in day instead of the outsider's. Thus she got her privileges without election; and all because she was a woman! So said the forty and odd; and, so saying, they shut the door of Burlington House on women with a clang.

It was not to be hoped that such a decade of production would occur again in the life of an artist. Yet the 'eighties were well employed by Lady Butler, despite her willing distractions as a wife and mother. Early on the list

came a work that ranks among all her works, in the opinion of some, as the greatest; and, at any rate, has only two others to dispute for the place of honour—"Scotland for Ever!" (reproduced opposite). "Battle moments," as Mr. Walter Armstrong has well said, in speaking of these canvases, "to be interesting, must be taken at their most dramatic moments." "That," he adds, "was the secret of Lady Butler's success in 'The Roll Call,' the 'Quatre Bras,' and the 'Scotland for Ever!'" The moments of waiting are dramatic, the fury of attack is dramatic, the reaction of victory is dramatic, but moments which are neither one thing nor the other are not." Furious indeed was the "fury of attack" in this charge of the heavy cavalry at Waterloo.

A sentence in a manuscript account of the scene by an eye-witness—Mr. James Armour, rough-rider to the Scots Greys—gave Lady Butler the title for her picture. "Orders were now given"—so the account ran—"that we were to prepare to charge. We gave our countrymen in front of us three hearty huzzas; and, while we waved our swords in the air, several swords were struck with balls. The Highlanders were then ordered to wheel back; when they did so we rushed through them; at the same time they huzzaed us, calling: 'Now, my boys, Scotland for ever!'" The regiment, as all know, was almost annihilated in the charge. Lady Butler shows in front the squadron leader; his trumpeter's place should be at his left hand, but the horse of the trumpeter, feeling his rider reeling, has wavered and become engulfed in the front rank. Still he goes on, and has hardly finished sounding the charge before he is struck. That causes the pressure of horses—all, save the officers', of a heavier breed than that now in use—in the front rank. The battle-cry has been uttered by most of the men, who, with lowered sabres, are delivering their charge under deadly artillery and infantry fire.

Writing about this picture to a friend, the artist, whose technical knowledge of uniforms, to their least strap and last button, is a detail of her general realism of representation, said: "Happily for the effect of this ever-attractive regiment, the Scots Greys have changed their costume comparatively little since Waterloo. The bearskin caps are, if anything, taller than at that date; and at the back of this towering and imposing head-dress is still worn the white horse of Hanover in silver. The peak of the Waterloo head-dress, however, has disappeared, much to the advantage of the general effect. The French eagle on the accoutrements dates from Waterloo, where they took a French standard. In 'Scotland for Ever!' the Highlanders can be seen charging behind the Greys. Some of them caught hold of the troopers' stirrup-leathers in their national enthusiasm, and, half running, half hanging-on, plunged into the charge together with them. I twice saw a charge of the Greys before painting 'Scotland for Ever!' and I stood in front to see them coming on. One cannot, of course, stop too long to see them close."

The defence of Rorke's Drift in January, 1879, gave Lady Butler an opportunity to paint that gallant guarding of our Commissariat Stores, made by Lieut. Chard of the Royal Engineers, Lieut. Bromhead, and eighty men, against the victorious Zulus from the field of Isandula. Bags and bis-



Study of Syce for Picture of Cairo Races (p. 16).

By Lady Butler.

cuit-boxes made the hasty barricade, and as soon as darkness fell the fire began from a force of some three or four thousand Zulus, flushed with victory. At all sides they penetrated the barricade, to be repulsed at the point of the bayonet. The morning dawned, and Rorke's Drift had still been held; Lord Chelmsford's force was seen approaching, and Rorke's Drift was saved. The Victoria Cross rewarded the two prime heroes of that night of deadly peril, who lived to tell the tale of it



Portrait of a "Baré" (p. 16).

By Lady Butler.



"Scotland for Ever!" (p. 12). By Lady Baile.
From the Pictures belonging to the Corporation of Leeds.

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Egyptian Study. From life (p. 16).

By Lady Butler.



Syce. From life (p. 16).

By Lady Butler.



Egyptian Study. From life (p. 16).

By Lady Butler.

and to see their words translated on to this canvas, the commission of the Queen.

In 1882 Lady Butler exhibited in the Academy her 'Floreat Etona!' an etching of which forms the frontispiece of this Annual. It depicts an incident in the attack on "Laing's Neck," as it was told by one who witnessed it: "Poor Elwes fell among the 58th. He shouted to another Eton boy (adjutant of the 58th), whose horse had been shot: 'Come along, Monck—Floreat Etona!—we must be in the front rank,' and he was shot immediately." The cry, which was the last uttered by the young soldier eager for glory, is significant of the spirit of enterprise with which the English man and boy alike enter upon war—which is, in part, the spirit of sport. It has been averred that sport rather than war—the chase, the emulation of a "record"—is the chief inspiration of such a British charge as this. But sport never was sufficient to inspire the devotion of the heart of the soldier eager for a place "in the vanguard" for his old school's sake. The consciousness of acute personal peril is really the central feeling of a soldier, new or old, who devotes himself, even though the impetuosity of the moment may shake that con-

sciousness to silence. Sport and battle have each a share in the aspiration, gravity, and happiness of a worthy fight, as an Englishman understands it. If there is evident joy in the serious affair of war, is there not an extraordinary seriousness in the trivial affairs of the cricket-ground and the hunting-field? But the internal emotion of the fight is the hasty secret of the soldier's soul, whatever his nationality, and is none the less profound because it is mingled with the lighter heroisms. In 'Floreat Etona!' Lady Butler grapples with the foreshortening of energetic movement, and her drawing and her dramatic sense of action carry one another through a rigorous ordeal.

In 1885 was exhibited, in the Academy, 'After the Battle' (reproduced on page 19), an episode in our war against Arabi Pasha in 1882—a war in which the artist's husband served. It shows the arrival of Lord Wolseley

and his Staff at the Canal Bridge of Tel-el-Kebir, where our victorious and now loudly cheering infantry had halted in their hot pursuit of the enemy flying westward. The Commander-in-Chief reached the bridge almost as the foremost files of the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders gained that point; and, dismounting on the short causeway leading to the drawbridge, he there dictated



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Feeding the Khedive's Horses (p. 16).

By Lady Butler.



Registering Fellahs for the Conscription of Luxor in 1885. From A.B. 1885.

By Lady Butler.

the order for pursuit by the cavalry and Indian Division, and the despatch home that was to announce a victory for England. Lady Butler chooses for her moment in the picture that just before the General has dismounted. It is the moment of the decision of the victory, and the slight frame of the General has not relaxed from the long strain of watchfulness and command. He reins in his pony suddenly, and the staff ride up rapidly behind. Sir John Adye comes up with a question as to pursuit; Sir Redvers Buller follows, his horse shying at a dead Arab. On the other side, Sir William Butler bends down to speak to a soldier on the right. The Gordon and Cameron Highlanders are grouped on either hand, or are on the way down to quench their thirst in the canal. In the middle-distance is seen the camp of the Egyptians; and by the railway, and beyond, rise the heights of Tel-el-Kebir brightening in the early morning.

The Nile Expedition of 1885 had its melancholy memento in a canvas called 'A Desert Grave.' The accounts brought home from the advance of the River Column on Khartoum moved Lady Butler to make this record of the brave who lie, as General Earle and Colonels Coveney and Eyre lie, and as Lord Avonmore lies, in graves as lost in the desert as is "Eden in the world." Of the first three of these, whose dear lives were the cost of an engagement with a force of Arabs emboldened by the news that Khartoum itself, not far distant, was the Mahdi's, Sir William Butler had written: "At sunset we laid them in their sleep. In a small spot of green, within sound of the waters of the great river, they lie side by side in their long rest. A solitary dôm-palm alone marks the spot; around, the rugged rock-desert of the Monassir spreads its awful desolation. Many a year will go by ere

the footstep of a fellow-countryman passes these lonely graves; and even if semi-savage man leaves these undisturbed, the wind and the sun soon smoothen them down into desert level again; but it may be that the tradition of the place will linger in the native mind, and some old Arab who, as a child fugitive in the opposite islands, listened at nightfall to the roar of cannon that told that the white 'Emir el Kebir' had fallen, will point out to future travellers the spot where the English strangers lie at rest." Such a picture as that exhibited at the Academy of 1886, representing a typical burial in the arid wilderness, with that hungry hole in it, is only the more precious because "no man knows the sepulchre" itself. The studies of the camels, two of which are given on p. 4, had, for the artist, an evident fascination which grew as time went on.

In 1889 was sent to Burlington House 'To the Front,' a large picture of French cavalry leaving a Breton city on the declaration of war, with which is associated the 'Study of French Dragoons' on page 20; and in the following year was exhibited 'Evicted'—another picture of Irish life; a sequel, it might be said, to the 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers.'

The 'Halt on a Forced March' (p. 21) was in the Academy of 1892. The stress of the situation is only too apparent in men and in horses—especially in the horses. In their faces, as well as in their action, is that expression of suffering which can be studied, in peace as well as in war, from the too-frequent model to be found at the corner of the nearest street. This picture illustrated the Peninsular War.

A sojourn in Alexandria, while her husband was in command, varied by visits to Cairo, to the Pyramids, and to the Holy Land, yielded the artist many subjects, large and small. Some of the sketches of the period are here



Sketch of Scots Greys at the Aldershot Manoeuvres. From life (p. 18).

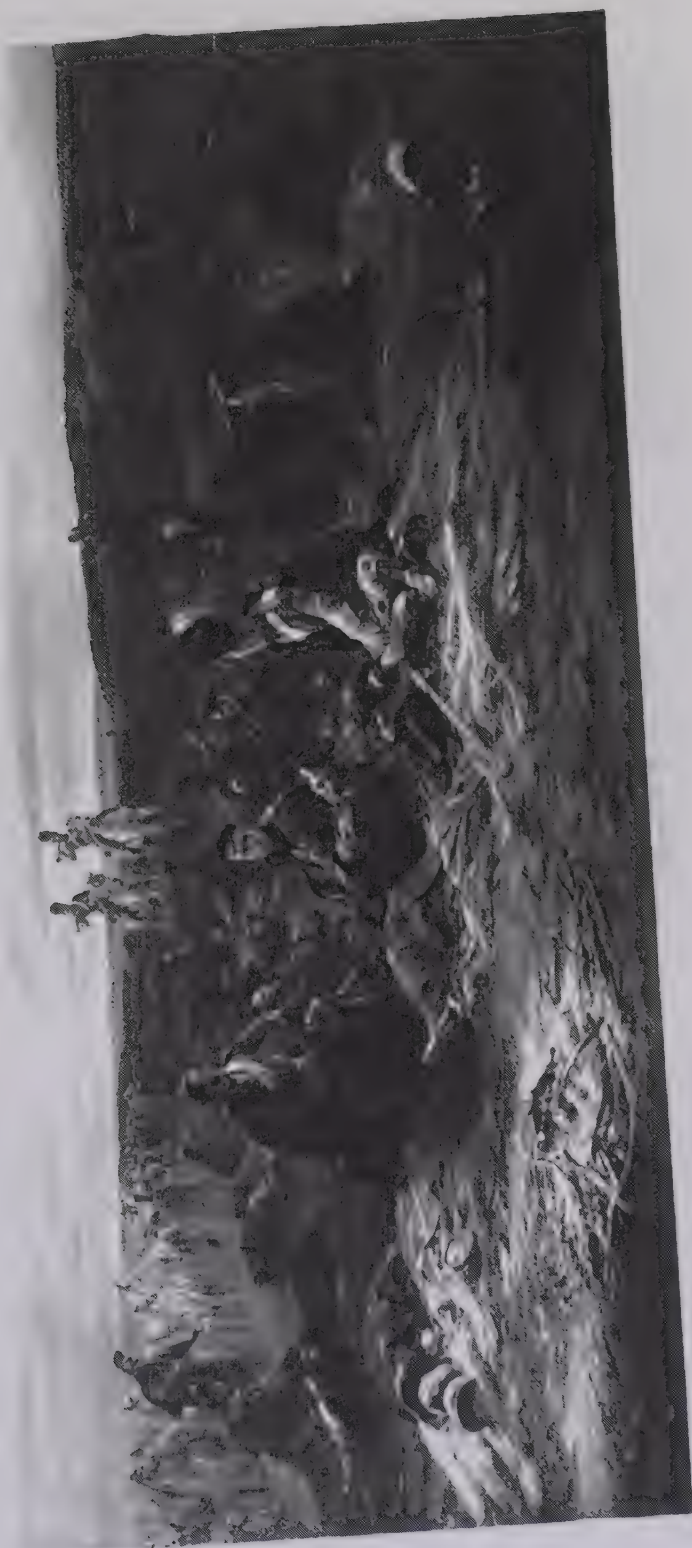
By Lady Butler.

reproduced: 'Our Picnic on Camels at Alexandria' (p. 6), a reminiscence of Lady Butler's first ride on camel-back, (an experience she found to be less dislocating than she expected); the 'Portrait of a Charger' (p. 9); the 'Study of my Syrian Pony' (p. 9); the memory sketch of what may be called the Rotten Row of Alexandria (p. 10); and the 'Study of an Egyptian Donkey-Barber' (p. 10). In 'A Souvenir of Egypt' (p. 11), we have an introduction to the national goatherd, a floundering figure of romance, and his rather flurried flock—as to which the artist herself will have something to say later on. The 'Study of a Syce' (p. 12), the 'Portrait of a Barb' (p. 12), the three studies from human life at the top of page 14, the group of the Khedive's horses 'Feeding' (p. 14), and the animated scene at the 'Registration of Fellaheen for the Conscription' (p. 15)—these give in sufficient variety samples from the scenes of picturesque life in Egypt as they presented themselves to the eye of the English observer. A series, also, of oil-paintings on panels bears the names 'At Korosko,' 'On the Nile Bank,' 'Wady Halfa, looking North,' and another of the same 'looking South.'

But the 'Camel Corps'—which we reproduce on p. 5, as well as two or three of the preliminary studies (p. 4)—remains as the most important achievement of this period. About a charge of camels there is an extraordinary strangeness. It is an amazing medley of all ungainliness in movement, a multitude of legs that seem like staggering stilts, yet each one with a separate character, a sensitive balance, a sure grip. The negro riders, too, are all individuals, with even their own characteristic furies at the pranks of the beasts they are lashing along. In

truth, to ride a camel in a charge must be somewhat like riding in a dream, where things take weird and baffling transformations, and the neck of your mount is suddenly contorted into a serpent. Apparently, when an excited negro pulls his rein, the camel's neck turns up, turns back, and writhes away. The speed and energy of the picture are those of the very action.

The Academy of the year 1896 found Lady Butler back again with Wellington and that Campaign of Waterloo which, with the exception of the Peninsular War, seems to have been her chief source of inspiration. True to her purpose of tracking the drama of war in the individuality of the soldier, the painter has allowed us to see at close quarters the character of the men waking on the field to what was for many their last daybreak. 'Dawn at Waterloo' (opposite) is a picture with a wide extent of ground, a broad sky, a concourse of figures, hill beyond hill, and a general view of all the accessories of the camp. But it is principally a picture painted in order to let us know something of a dozen men who hear the réveillé and rise from their sleep in the cloudy dawn, or are to be awakened by their comrades. Two of these in their "young weariness" are still asleep; the somewhat older men are alert, and meeting the new day with grave faces. Yet it is a young fellow in whose still-heavy eyes the foreboding of the day of death seems to be most manifest. The shadows of the night linger in the hollows of his eyes, while the cool light of dawn strikes on the figures, the accoutrements, the bright accessories of the uniforms, and all the prominent accidents of the plumed



DAWN AT WATERLOO.
BY LADE BOWEN.



"Halt!" (p. 18). By Lady Butler.

By permission of the Executors of the late Thos. Whitehead, Esq.



"Gallop!" (p. 18). By Lady Butler.

By permission of Charles F. Galloway, Esq.

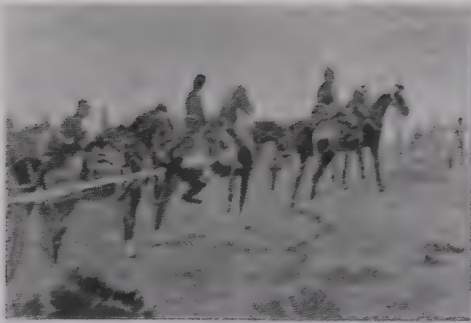
and belted army in its bivouac. This portentous but simple face—with all its drama the face of a plain soldier—is the very centre of the picture; the other figures have somewhat less solemnity, but each has a human character and a personality, and each redeems the idea of war from the cruel generality of numbers. An army must needs be a body of men amongst whom the unit is counted, indeed, but hardly valued. Lady Butler seems to make amends to the man. A particularly fine passage of the picture is the line of white horses to the left passing away into the distance with their delicate heads relieved by the light.

In 'Steady the Drums and Fifes!'—of which an important engraving is shortly to be published—we have at once a picture of war and a picture, you may say, of childhood, a poignant combination. For her example of high courage and control the painter has taken boys—the most excitable and impulsive, new to terror, quick to violence—and shown them drawn up under fire on the ridge of Albuera, thus confronting their youth with death, their impulse with discipline. It is from one of

1898.

Cardinal Manning's *Pastime Papers* that the artist took her quotation for the Academy Catalogue of 1897 in praise of this valour of endurance. "The highest courage of the soldier," he wrote, "is said to be the standing still under fire without returning it. It is the self-command of duty in obedience to authority. In a forlorn hope there is the excitement of action and the forgetfulness of self that comes with it. But to stand under fire, still and motionless, is a supreme act of the will." As such it is shown by the artist in what must rank as one of the most important of her works. To look from one to another of the band of boys with their various characters and tempers as they face the bullets and are forbidden even the action of their instruments (for the music is hushed) is to go through a drama of boyish life. The artist has not shrunk from the too great pathos of a child of nine or ten consciously shaken by the fear of death and yet proud of his disciplined attitude; nor from the brutality of a much older lad inclined to bully his comrades into quietness; nor from the writhing death of the boy whose hand clings round a little comrade's ankle. The usual

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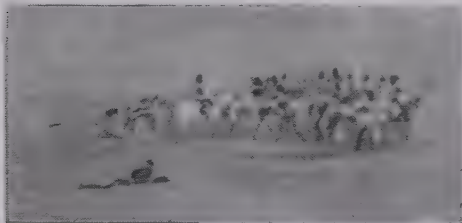


Aldershot Sketch from Life (p. 18).

By Lady Butler.

attention has been paid to the uniforms of the regiment and the time—the "Die-hards" in the Peninsular War.

The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1898 contained a smaller canvas by Lady Butler—'On the Morrow of Talavera.' The men of the 43rd are seen bringing in their dead on litters, and the Duke and his staff stand aside to see and to salute the sad procession. The general salutes the bugler, promoted by death to rank above a field-marshal. The soldiers really walk upon the ground;



Aldershot Sketch from Life (p. 18).

By Lady Butler.

you feel the weight of their burden, the greater heaviness of the end of the litter where rests the head of the dead.

Besides these Academy pictures, lesser work was done industriously during the same years, in oil and in water-colour, by Lady Butler. The old habit of sketching the incidents of travel did not lose its hold in later journeys. A residence at Aldershot during her husband's command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, gave her the good opportunities she utilised in sketches such as those on this page, and in her drawings of 'Scots Greys at Manœuvres' (p. 16) and of officers at 'Tent-pepping' and 'Lemon-cutting' (p. 7). 'Halt!' and 'Gallop!' (p. 17) are pen-and-ink drawings of earlier date. With them may be classed 'Trot' (p. 29). Those were subjects after her own heart and hand. That of tent-pepping, indeed, was an old favourite, for her 'Missed'—showing a Bengal Lancer out of luck in the stroke—had been published in a coloured supplement of the *Graphic* in 1875. That was a drawing in water-colour, a medium which the artist has often used. 'On Duty,' a trooper of the Scots Greys,



Aldershot Sketch from Memory (p. 18).

By Lady Butler.

'Scots Greys advancing,' 'Watering Horses,' and 'Cavalry at a Gallop,' date back, like 'Missed,' to the seventies. So do the 'Grave of Keats' (p. 27) and a number of sketches, monkish and military, made in Florence and Genoa, the light of which they reflected; and a set of subjects suggested by the Franco-Prussian War, mostly Uhlans. 'The Despatch-Bearer' was of later date. So, too, was 'Threshing Corn in Brittany,' reproduced on p. 23. To an album here and there have other water-colour sketches been contributed, one such quite lately to the album of the Princess of Wales, ever among the most interested onlookers at Lady Butler's art. It shows an officer of the Princess's own regiment of Hussars, and very like it is the figure reproduced on p. 28.

The life at Aldershot was one of many and varied incidents. The presence of the Duke of Connaught was an attraction; and the visit of the Queen in 1894 became the occasion of her spending a night in the Camp, and of her sitting down, for the first time, to dine with her generals. After that dinner was a "tattoo," at which the attendance of the Queen became more historic, because the Empress Eugénie and Prince Victor Napoleon were among the party. The scene at the review on that afternoon, too, was exceptionally brilliant, the uniforms of the Prince of Wales and of the Commander-in-Chief, and the hussar-dress of the Czarevitch, having an unwonted set-off in the Circassian uniforms of the attendant Russian officers. On another occasion it was the duty and pleasure of General Butler to escort through the Camp three men whose names must still ring by association in the ears of British soldiers—Prince Murat; Ney, Prince de la Moskowa; and Massena, Duc de Rivoli. They came accompanied by M. Pietri, the Empress Eugénie's secretary; and their hostess, at lunch, must have felt very near to the great Napoleon when she—the painter of 'Quatre Bras'—conversed with these descendants of his marshals and the King of Naples. The Camp had its German field-day—and memories of Waterloo were not absent then either—when the Kaiser, in the August of 1894, was present in the uniform of our 1st Dragoons, of whom he had been made honorary colonel. As the squadron who escorted him to the ground marched forward he galloped to their head, and led them himself past the saluting base, where floated the German standard. A great many German officers were with him. They seemed much enchanted with the Highlanders, and looked in the funniest way down at the goat which marched in advance of the Welsh Fusiliers—as dogs look at some curious crawling thing. A few months later



*After the Battle (p. 11).
By Emily Butler.*

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Study of French Dragoons. From Life (p. 15).

By Lady Butler.

another visitor was made welcome in the North Camp, the Empress Frederick, who had a "private view" of the 'Dawn at Waterloo' before it went on to Burlington House.

The first published Black-and-White work of Lady Butler appeared in *The Graphic*. To *Once a Week* had been despatched, unavailingly, one or two of the efforts of childhood. But the young *Graphic* had still a very young illustrator when her large blocks of 'A Florentine Harvest' and 'A Reception at the Vatican' appeared in its pages. They were wood-blocks, and they were wooden. The progress of illustrated journalism is made apparent by contrasting the production of these drawings with that of the sketches contributed by the same hand some twenty years later to even the *Graphic's* daily offshoot, with its seven times told speed of issue. In the prospectus of that new paper, which made also a new era in the history of the daily press, the proprietors, pluming themselves on the prosperity of

more artistically unmanageable. The red of his coat is an impossible colour to an Arab, who, if he wears red at all, wears it of shades exquisitely harmonized with his surroundings; and as to that well-loved and honoured British scarlet in the desert—alas! On the other hand, the coat of Karkee drab, worn by the majority of our troops when in good campaigning order, was so exactly the tint of the desert as to render the solid warrior, at a little distance, all but invisible even to the eye of the observing. Once, however, this very invisibility of the Karkee uniform gave the artist a strange impression. "It was at Wady Halfa, on the second Cataract, late in the afternoon, and a burial party thus clad were carrying a dead comrade covered with the Union Jack towards the little cemetery in the desert; and as they moved over the plain obliquely away from me, with their backs to the low sun, nothing could be seen of them but the black shadow of each soldier as it was projected upon the back of his front-rank man. One thus saw literally a little troop of shadows moving towards the grave, with

their first venture, said: "This success is greatly due to the fact that it has been fortunate enough to number on its staff artists whose names and works are familiar as household words, such as Luke Fildes, Herkomer, Woods, Elizabeth Thompson, Caldecott and many others,"—a list, alas! that is intact no longer. This appeal to the past was really a prophecy for the future, and when the first number of the *Daily Graphic* appeared on the first Saturday of 1890, it contained five sketches of Lady Butler's, with accompanying letter-press of hers, on 'Our Troops in Cairo.' "How well I know," she writes, and our own reproductions of her work in Egypt justify the quotation—"how well I know the aspect of our soldiers in the different vicissitudes that our occupation of Egypt calls forth. From Alexandria to the very fringe of the fighting land in the Soudan I have been interested in studying them. There is something *piquant* in the incongruity of the British soldier's appearance in the streets of Cairo, but I could not imagine anything



*Hall on a Forest March (p. 15),
By Lady Butler.*

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Another Portrait of Lady Butler in her Studio, 1893.

the stiff automatic motion peculiar to the military funeral step; and in the midst of these phantoms shone out, in vivid colours, the flag that shrouded their burden. The faint sound of the Dead March in Saul, so frequently heard on the Nile shores of late years, came towards me on the desert wind, and I thought it had never sounded so sad before. But of all the heart-moving sounds, by the way, that cast poetry around the soldier's life on the Nile, there is none to surpass that of the Scottish pibroch when, under the African moon, after a day of conflict with the enemy, it wails over the freshly-made graves of its fallen laddies."

The sketches of "A Winter Voyage through the Delta," contributed to the same paper in 1891, had also their accompanying notes, one of which seems to belong by right to our own 'Souvenir of Egypt.' "As the short Oriental twilight deepens into the swift-falling night,

strange figures appear, moving homeward along the high mud-banks, against the wild red sky full of wind. Goat-herds driving in their flocks with shrill calls and whistles, water-buffaloes, with cinder-coloured hides and huge salient bones, ridden home by the children, and the ever interesting and most picturesque camels—all in jet-black silhouettes when against the Western light—come and creep into their shelters for the night." Different indeed is the feeling and the atmosphere where, in a like subject, Lady Butler had long before depicted a white-robed young Cistercian monk, book and crook in hand, taking his sheep to fold (p. 3)—a suggestion for a truly pastoral picture of "Merry England"—the very name of the magazine in which it appeared. Other Black and White works of Lady Butler are well known—her illustrations for the early edition of her sister's Poems, for a recent edition of Thackeray's "Ballads," and for her husband's "Campaign of the Cataracts."

Wherever Lady Butler has pitched her tent she has taken her palette with her. The homes which her husband has made have been made under stress of military duty, though they might well have been decided by preference and free choice. Of the life in Ireland, Brittany, and Egypt, and at Aldershot, mementoes have been mentioned already. There were old days at Plymouth, where three out of Lady Butler's six children were born, and where was improvised a studio in which 'Scotland for Ever!' was painted. At Dover, the present residence of Sir William Butler, in virtue of his Constablenesship of Dover Castle and his command of the South Eastern District, the same rule has been followed; and in that improvised studio in the Constable's Tower Lady Butler is seen at work in the photographs taken purposely for this periodical. It is the studio of a hard worker rather than of a *petit-maitre*. About her she has gathered



Water-colour Drawing of "Threshing Corn in Brittany" (p. 18).

By Lady Butler.

her art-trappings, and each one of them has its history or its use. On the business-like walls are no evidences that she has ever given herself to the subtleties of *bric-à-brac*; no pieces of precious colour droop from screens; no stuffed peacocks stand gaily on guard, and no orange trees in flower tempt you to linger. It is an ascetic work-place rather than an æsthetic show-room. A grim row of old uniforms—relics of the Peninsula and Waterloo—may break a blank wall and give a dimmed vision of

colour. A little fancy will fill those empty clothes. Bygone types of our army seem to walk again in the little coatee, the tall shako, and the immense stock—the round-faced, well-nourished, and smooth-shaven men who fight in the Waterloo scenes of "Les Misérables."

These discarded things have been put to use artistically and they may be again. So have the relics of later fields, helmets from Gravelotte and Sedan, an odd chassépôt and a needle-gun, a bundle of assegais and spears, a Zulu's shield pierced through and through with bullet-holes, and his wicked little wooden mace, with its sharpened edge. Such studio properties are dear to the heart of the military painter. In a familiar passage in "The Newcomes," Thackeray praises that Art for which he had so much more aspiration than capacity, as giving the sweetest rest to the mind, between the moments of invention and inspiration, in the finish of leaf or flower, and all the pretty accessories of *genre*. And if, according to Emerson's rather mystical words, "there is no body without its spirit or genius," then no spirit is more individual than that which inhabits the forms of accoutrements and arms. It is a genius full of significance; and to capture it with intelligence of mind and hand is to perform one of those feats and manœuvres that military art, no less than military science, demands.

Not smiling female models in historical gowns, nor the male professionals with their abnormal biceps or Herculean shoulders, are the accustomed sitters in this particular studio. The soldier is at home here, or the professional model who happens to be an old soldier, and who finds the drill of the barrack-yard no bad preparation for the discipline of the platform. To paint action from a pose has been no doubt a constant fret to Lady Butler's spirit; but that is how her own creative imagination has been her necessary colleague and needed friend. The essential, Lady Butler explains, is to seize the heart of a thing. When this mental effort has been made with success, there is never any mistake about it, and no violence of movement, no noise and no attitudes can make amends for the lack of it. This seizing of the very heart and centre of an action is as vital a matter of necessity in art as it is in literature. It is not big



Exterior View of Lady Butler's Studio at Dover Castle.



The Entrance Hall, Dover Castle.

words nor emotional phrases that prove the author's true mastery—his very repose proves it. And, as Lady Butler speaks—her hands busy the while with her brushes, touching a figure, a horse, or a cloud—we are reminded how nearly akin are certain of the literary and the artistic capacities, and how they meet in simplicity of aim and in directness of vision. To see aright is the beginning of things; secondly, to remember what has been seen. And Lady Butler, though she has horse after horse for her models, yet trusts also to knowledge and to memory for those details of type, breed, character and expression, upon the accurate rendering of which so much of her achievement as a painter depends. Nor has she trusted in vain; sometimes the truth of sight is at war with the convention; and then the challenge of the spectator is lightly given, as it was in the case of the position of the legs of the horse in 'The Roll Call.' A correspondence in *The Times* brought forth the evidence of experts in support of the painter's vision and version. Photographs of some of her horses in repose have been mistaken for photographs from life—an unconscious compliment to the veracity and exactitude of presentation; and when instantaneous photography was invented and applied to the action of horses, it completed the proof that this lover of the four-footed model had rightly observed, and had rightly recollected—having, in fact, what somebody calls the artist's gift of collodion on the retina. That gift is indispensable to the painter of movement. It is not for him to make a mere transcript of what is placed or fixed before him. It is his to memorise a moment, to recapture what fled as instantly as it came, to seize the transitory, and to leave it so, yet to lend it permanence.

In Dover Castle a military painter is indeed at home—at home with its ghosts of traditions as well as with the instant duties of to-day. "Third in mediæval rank among the Cinque Ports," writes Mr. Montagu Burrows, "Dover has long been reckoned their indisputable chief. Its geographical situation renders it just as important to the National safety and convenience in the nineteenth century as it was in the first. . . . Britons, as well as Romans and English, seized on its heights as the natural defence of a harbour which was never large nor deep"—but which is going to be both the one and the other before many years are over, as a precaution, not indeed against France (which you see from Dover Castle), but against Germany. There, on Dover heights, stands the basement of the *pharos* which guided the Roman ships along a dangerous coast; and there is the little river the Britons called the *Dwr*, from which

Dover takes its name. In the Domesday Book it has its place as a flourishing seaport; and monks mingled with the soldiers and the sailors on its wharves. Eadbald built St. Mary's within the Castle precincts, where he placed a number of Canons—not cannons, remark. St. Martin, in a church of his own, ruled over the late summers here as he did across the Channel.

Earl Godwin, whose "Tower" is still pointed out at the Castle, was given by Dover the third penny of the rent due to the King for the Port, and he gave the town in return his love, so that when Edward the Confessor required him to punish it for its defence against his kinsman, Eustace of Boulogne, "the Earl would not consent to the inroad because he was loth to injure his people." In the Middle Ages, Dover was a great place of resort for pilgrims passing that way, and the Maison



The Dining-room, Dover Castle.

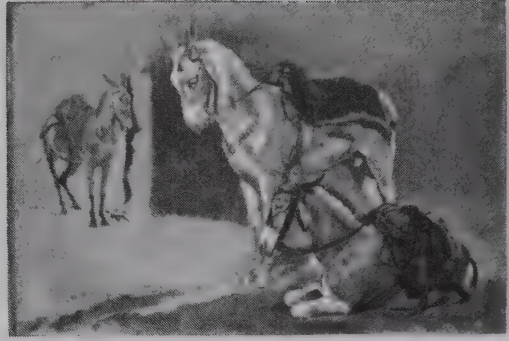


The Drawing-room at Dover Castle.



Study of Egyptian Donkey from Life (p. 30).

By Lady Butler.



Study of Egyptian Donkeys from Life (p. 30).

By Lady Butler.

Dien of Hubert de Burgh opened hospitable doors to civilians coming from the Continent, as also to soldiers returning from foreign service, who had free quarters there for a fortnight. Henry VIII. further fortified the town, and Queen Mary recites, in a document, that she herself, as well as her "late father and brother of famous memory, pitying the great number of shipwrecks, have caused great and excessive sums of treasure to be bestowed upon the making of a pier or mote into the sea." The Stuarts reorganized the ruling of the Port; successive modern Governments have built the Admiralty Pier; and successive future Governments will carry on the new harbour and the new fortifications at an immense expenditure of labour and money.

So it seems, as you stand to-day in Dover Castle, that a great part of English history has passed beneath its towers. Arrivals, meetings, communications with France and with metropolitan Canterbury, treaties, captivities, seem to people its story with figures—most of them melancholy. As to the imprisonments that took place in chambers within the enormous walls of the Keep, it is difficult to imagine what that doom would be, for the many years it generally lasted. One little room, and nothing to read! Geoffrey Plantagenet is believed to have died in such conditions as these. Stephen probably died here—as a King and in the Constable's Tower, however, not as a captive in the Keep. The beautiful ruins of a chapel are within this Keep, but the later exterior church is built over constructions of remoter age, for the Romans found some kind of stone-work upon this hill that commands the Straits. On the steps of the donjon Charles I. received his bride, fresh from France, and, finding her very

small, looked to see whether she had heels to her shoes or not; or Henrietta Maria so explained his glance at her feet, and with great liveliness showed him her little shoes.

It is only too probable that malefactors were hanged out of the windows of the studio over the fosse. In the garden of the Constable's Tower is a small tower on the very verge of the hill, still called Queen Mary's Tower, having been built by Mary Tudor, when she lost Calais. Here she used to sit looking across at the French territory she so mourned to lose. The dining-room at the Constable's Tower was once the Council-hall. It is an apartment with a groined roof and walls of huge thickness, hung with the arms of all the successive Constables. The fosse is of great depth, and, as it sweeps down hill, it can never have been a moat with water. It is now full of forest trees—the most leafy place in the rather bare country-side. Across it lies the drawbridge that gives ingress to the castle; a little sally-port opens some distance away along the grey wall. A flock of jackdaws build upon these stony heights.

There is an under-region of subterranean passages about which legends exist. As is always the case with such mysterious roads, popular fancy, greatly impressed, has suggested unlimited things—underground ways to Canterbury, for example. A secret way certainly exists into the

town of Dover, which lies close below the Castle hill, with its assemblage of thin blue slated roofs over dingy brick—by no means an architectural town. But the old harbour, rich with the colours of sails and salted timber, and delicate with rigging, is beauty enough for any town. Moreover, there is, of course, a new little suburb springing up, daintily built of



The Sugar-Cane Market at Luxor. From Life (p. 30).

By Lady Butler.



Drawing by Lady Butler for "Preludes" (p. 22).

brick, with tiles for its roofing; but this is a little way up the valley.

Lady Butler, the chief window of whose studio commands the town, has a mind full of its associations in history. But a sketch or relic, lying here or there in her studio, recalls distant scenes, and carries her mind upon far travels. The most indelible impression is that made by Egypt, even in modern politics the land of mystery; with its ancient people—"ambiguous," Dr. Jowett rather happily called them—and its modern types, subject to the wear and friction of influences and races far removed from them in genius. The very "syccs"—or grooms—of Cairo remain as a vivid memory with Lady Butler, whose drawings of them have been already seen. They look, she says, like animated bronzes of Mercury, as, in their brilliant Turkish costumes of muslin, they run, bare-legged and swarthy, before their masters' carriages, shouting to clear the way. A sketch of the Pyramids reminds Lady Butler of her first visit to them.

"It was made on the last day of November, 1885, a sweet gentle morning, with limpid air. We started



Keats's Grave in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome (p. 18).

By Lady Butler.

before noon in our carriage with our dragoman, and were soon taken at the usual hand-gallop over the big iron bridge, with the colossal green lions at each end, which spans the wide Nile, and along the

acacia-shaded road which runs for a long distance in an imposing straight line to almost the base of the great Pyramid. As we sped along, passing through mud villages, with their palms and rude domes and minarets, we saw the highest group of Pyramids, and the Sphinx and tombs rising grey and stern at the very edge of the desert, where it meets the bright green of the cultivated land; and, from the first moment I saw them afar off, I knew I was not destined to be disappointed. All the apprehensions caused by some travellers' tales utterly vanished as we drew nearer and nearer these wonders of man's work—so pathetic in the evidence they give of their builders' colossal failure to accomplish what they imagined they had done when they sealed up these



Portrait of a Lady (page 31).

By Lady Butler.



A Hussar Scout (p. 31).

By Lady Butler.

elaborate hiding-places of the dead. We first strolled a little way by ourselves, and then we went to the Sphinx and rested in its broad shadow. The 'calm eternal eyes' which have been looking across the plain for over four thousand years, gave me a consciousness of awe which was with me for days. After visiting the Temple of the Sphinx, we climbed to the entrance of the north face of the Great Pyramid, and had, on the one hand, an exquisite view of Cairo in sun and shadow, under a sky of the most beautiful cloud forms; and, on the other, a lovely pearly and rosy desert, stretching away into the grey and golden west. Driving home in the afternoon, we met shepherds guiding their flocks along the road, and carrying tired lambs upon their shoulders. There were buffaloes and oxen and ploughmen going home from their work in the soft mysterious light. And as soon as we were over the iron bridge we were in the suburbs again. The gas lights were being lighted, and Tommy Atkins was about!"

Also a great contrast in its own way, was the stay at solemn and secluded Luxor, after the stay at military and commercial Cairo. "The hotel is deep set in palm-trees and mimosa, and groups of Arabs hang about the garden all day. Close by lie the ruins of Luxor and Karnak, and across the Nile is the Dead City of Thebes, with its mountains and the tombs of the Kings. Thither bound, we rode seven miles over sand and stones and rocks of rosy and yellowish grey, full of golden and reflected light, up to the unspeakably arid mountains on which rain never falls, and which are pierced from base to summit with sepulchres four or five thousand years old. After going through three of these—those of Rameses IV., Rameses IX., and Seti I.—I climbed to the very top of one of the mountains, and I had one of the epoch-making views of my life—the Nile Valley, opposite mountains, and silver river winding away towards Assouan, into the mysterious Soudan, where so many of our countrymen lie at rest."

All England seems to have felt this singular fascination—once in Egypt it seems impossible to come out of her. So did a poet say, with a prophecy of doom which must still ring in many an ear. Yet a far more ancient poet and prophet had said: "Out of Egypt have I called My Son"; and

Lady Butler, looking at the conscription scene at Luxor, could only anticipate the time when the Christian Faith should illumine the lives of men and women who seemed to her to have penetrated to the farthest gloom of misery and squalor.

"We went," she says, "to see the registration of young men as conscripts for the Egyptian army—a most extraordinary scene. Led by the English consul through the village to the courtyard, we had to fight our way to the door, up a very dirty alley, crowded with the female relatives of the wretched youths inside. Some of these women were hardly more sightly than the mummies we had seen in the Boulak Museum. But the mummies at least were quiet; and these poor creatures were going through antics to express their grief, working their skinny arms like the arms of marionnettes, and wailing, but in a clacking way, as though their faces were only skulls. Once inside, we were taken to a divan and had coffee (horrible stuff), which we surreptitiously threw away, and from this vantage point we watched what passed before us. At a rickety table sat the officials and the sheikhs of the villages from which the young men came—splendid men these sheikhs, in elaborate turbans and silk robes. The doctor sat a little aside, and as each proposed conscript, in his one miserable garment of camel's hair, was pushed forward, the doctor examined his eyes, teeth, hair, &c., and, if he was passed, two gendarmes seized him and cuffed and hustled him to the standard, where he was measured. If below the minimum, he was pushed back to his people. If his height was as required, he was thrust by the nape of the neck into the group of chosen conscripts. Sometimes an old father or mother would come up with the boy, pleading his bad sight, or his weak chest, or his lameness. One old woman was so importunate that the attendants pushed her back. The poor mummy-like bundle of skin and



A Member of the Scots Greys (p. 31).

By Lady Butler.



A Trooper of the 17th Lancers (p. 31).

By Lady Butler.

bone fell down, and was so energetically pulled up again that I could look no more, fearing her arm would come off. She might have been four thousand years old by her appearance. They would not believe one father who showed them that his son had one leg shorter than the other, and a long time was spent in pulling his short leg straight as he lay writhing on the ground. The doctor at last came to the conclusion that he was curable, and away he went to be measured, and then cuffed into the ranks of the chosen. Some of the heads were a mass of disease—some pronounced by the doctors to be hopeless, and some hopeful. No wonder if soldiers who were so recruited scatter like sheep as soon as a determined enemy comes among them, and if their bones lie bleaching by thousands in the Soudan. This registration takes place once in five years. As I left the surging mass of unfortunate humanity, I felt sick and sad.

"Indeed, the unutterable filth and squalor of the people here lessen the enjoyment of the matchless beauty of light and air, of mountains, temples, and palms. How shall these people be brought up to a Christian level of thought? Where can the work begin? The little European Mission has eighty scholars in its schools—Christian, Coptic, and Pagan, all who wish to come! They are wonderfully well taught by the Christian

Brothers. Three or four languages are learned, geography, botany, history, natural history and the three R's; and I was surprised when I visited the school to hear the ragged Arab boys say their lessons in excellent English, and to see their beautiful French writing. The priest at the head of the mission is an Italian Capuchin."

Also at Luxor was drawn 'The Sugar-Cane Market,' given on p. 26, and to the same date belong the two studies of Egyptian donkeys reproduced at the top of that page.

The further operations for a reconquest of the Soudan in the name of Egypt, but by the might of England, and the understanding that our occupation of Egypt is no mere transitory stay—these things have indicated a special prominence in the illustrations and the letterpress for this phase of Lady Butler's career.

Of that career this is neither the time nor the place (nor am I the writer) to attempt any critical estimate. I shall not do that most gratuitous of things—answer for Posterity's opinion about the art of our day—the altitude of Watts, the vitality of Sargent, the light that never was on modern English pictures of sea and land until it was painted by Clausen, by La Thangue, by Stanhope Forbes. But this, after all, is to prophesy. Under stress of admirations still strong in their sway from the Academy Exhibition of 1898, one is carried away to do, in digression, the very thing that was directly renounced. Let Posterity have her rich heritage unmortgaged by any predictions of to-day, by any admirations handed



A Trumpeter of the Artillery (p. 31).

By Lady Butler.



In the possession of W. Clarence Watson, Esq., Colworth, Beds.

A Quiet Canter in the Long Valley (p. 31).

By Lady Butler.

on by way of conditions to the succession. It is enough to know that Posterity, whatever its judgment of the workmanship, will respect the workman who has respected it and himself by the production of only his best work. That, at any rate, has been Lady Butler's benefaction to her contemporaries, from first to last—alike in the early 'Portrait of a Lady' (p. 27) and in the recent 'Dawn at Waterloo,' and in the work of all the years that divide them. Hence it has been hers to hear praise that must be precious to her—to find her draughtsmanship quoted by Millais as a glory of the British school, and to know that Meissonier, almost on his death-bed, offered homage to her name.

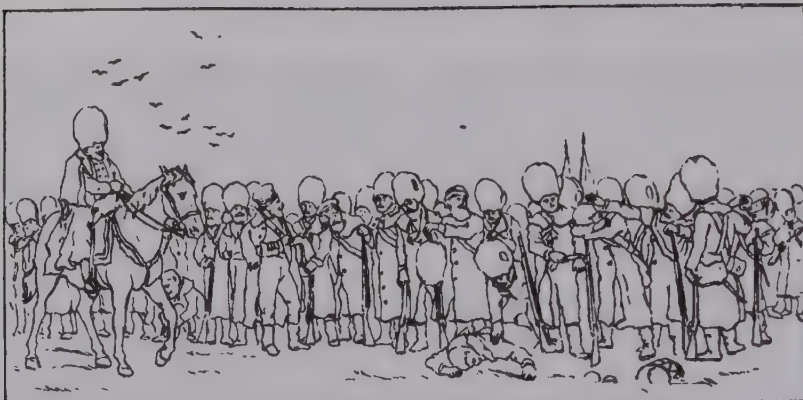
Lady Butler has done for the soldier in Art what Mr. Rudyard Kipling has done for him in Literature—she has taken the individual, separated him, seen him close, and let the world so see him. Nor is he studied less individually in her larger and more peopled compositions, or even in minor groups such as that seen in 'A Quiet Canter in the Long Valley,' reproduced here, than he is in such single figure subjects as 'A Hussar Scout' (p. 28), 'A Member of the Scots Greys' (p. 28), 'A Trooper of the 17th Lancers' (p. 30), and 'A Trumpeter of the Artillery' (p. 30); drawings executed for "St. Nicholas," the excellent children's magazine.

The realistic revolution has extended to all the Arts. In some of them its results may be more reasonably lamented than in the others. Some epic largeness will, of course, be lost in the modern fashion, something of the generalities of noble classic art must disappear, but the gain is a gain of truth; and when, in the place of Classicism, the world accepted Romanticism, with its insistence on human characteristics, it must have foreseen the acceptance of Realism, with its love of human accidents. And if there is one phase of Literature and Art in which the new and moving spirit is more welcome than in any other, surely it is the military. The stolid,

generalised methods of old school-histories, with the cheerfully dull formula at the end of each record of a Roman campaign, "and all the garrison was put to the sword"—these had their counterpart in the panoramic battle-painting which was the boast of France before the dawn of the anecdotal age. War seen from a distance, from the distance of conventionality and heartlessness, whether by writer or by painter, is both stupid and inhuman. It is noble in detail only, and it is of all things the most intimately concerned with experience—that watchword of Realism.

It fell to the fortune of Lady Butler to be in her own Art, in this particular, a representative of her time. Paradoxical as it may sound, her Art is part of the Humanitarianism of the Century—the Humanitarianism that will lighten that century's retrospect in the day of its death; is a result of it, and is also perforce a cause. For she has exposed the horror of the slaughter by simply centralising it; she has given to the victim of war the single personality that has its appeal to all others of the human family. It is no longer a marionette that is "put to the sword," but a brother who has been done to death. The situations and emotions of history and of actual life may, or must be, idealised; but the situations and the emotions of war are in themselves dramatic as the direct course of life and death can make them. Elsewhere, give place to the illusion, the dream, the convention, if you will; but in military painting make way for the Man. "All the glories of France," flaunting in the halls of Versailles, are not so glorious as a group of De Neuville's soldiers keeping one another warm under a bank of snow. That knowledge came to Lady Butler by instinct, and it has come to all her generation. She made her appeal; and there, sure enough, was the response. She and it had one purpose—the recognition of the Man—noble, devoted, pathetic, enduring; or, it may be, wretched, commonplace even—but still the Man.

WILFRID MEYNELL.



Sketch of 'The Roll Call' (p. 6).

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By Lady Butler.

LIST OF LADY BUTLER'S PRINCIPAL PICTURES.

The following are the most important of the OIL PAINTINGS & WATER-COLOURS by LADY BUTLER.

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|---|--|
| 1867. 'Bavarian Artillery going into Action.' (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 1875. 'Quatre Bras.' Exhibited at the Royal Academy. |
| 1868. 'Miss Alice Thompson.' (Dudley Gallery.) | 'On Duty'—A Trooper of the Scots Greys. (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.) |
| 1870. 'The Visitation.' (Exhibition of Religious Art in Rome.) | 'Bersaglieri.' (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.) |
| 'French Artillery on the March.' | 'Vintage in Tuscany.' (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.) |
| 'Uhlans returning from a Raid.' | 'Vintage in Tuscany'—The Wine Press. (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.) |
| 1871. 'Wounded and taken Prisoner.' (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 1876. 'Balaclava.' (Fine Art Society's Gallery.) |
| 'Ploughing in Vineyards in Florence.' (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 'Scots Greys advancing.'—Sketch at Aldershot. (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.) |
| 1872. 'Standing at Ease'—Bersaglieri Recruits—Genoa. (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 'Vintage in Tuscany.' (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.) |
| 'Chasseur Vedette.' (Dudley Gallery.) | 1877. 'The Return from Inkerman.' (International Exhibition in Paris.) |
| 'French Cavalry drawn up under Fire, waiting to Charge.' (Black and White.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 1878. 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers.' (Extra Plate.) (Royal Academy.) |
| 'Reminiscences of Rome.' (Black and White.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 1879. 'The Remnants of an Army.' (Royal Academy.) |
| 1873. 'Missing.' (Royal Academy.) | 1880. 'The Defence of Rorke's Drift.' Exhibited by Command of the Queen in the Royal Academy. |
| 'Drilling the Drummers, Genoa.' (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 1881. 'Scotland for Ever!' (page 13.) (Exhibited separately at the Dudley Gallery.) |
| 'Drivers watering their Horses.' (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 1882. 'Floreata Etona!' (Frontispiece.) (Royal Academy.) |
| 'French Artillery on the March.' (Dudley Gallery.) | 1885. 'After the Battle.' (page 19.) (Royal Academy.) |
| 1874. 'The Roll Call.' (page 32.) (Royal Academy.) | 1886. 'A Desert Grave.' (Royal Academy.) |
| 'The Ferry'—French Prisoners of War, 1870. (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 1889. 'To the Front!' French Cavalry leaving a Breton City on the Declaration of War. (Royal Academy.) |
| 'Choosing Models at Rome.' (Black and White.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 1890. 'Evicted.' (Royal Academy.) |
| 'Gallop!' A Reminiscence of Woolwich. (page 17.) (Black and White.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 1892. 'Halt on a Forced March.' (page 21.) (Royal Academy.) |
| 'Halt!' A Reminiscence of Aldershot. (page 17.) (Black and White.) (Dudley Gallery.) | 1895. 'The Camel Corps.' (page 5.) (Royal Academy.) |
| 'Charge!' A Reminiscence of the Life Guards at Wimbledon. (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.) | 1896. 'Dawn at Waterloo.' (Extra Plate.) (Royal Academy.) |
| 'A 10th Bengal Lancer Tent-Pegging.' (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.) | 1897. 'Steady the Drums and Fifes!' (Royal Academy.) |
| | 1898. 'On the Morrow of Talavera.' (Royal Academy.) |

Several of these pictures may be seen in public, or semi-public, collections. 'THE REMNANTS OF AN ARMY' is in the Tate Gallery; 'QUATRE BRAS' is in the National Gallery at Melbourne; 'SCOTLAND FOR EVER!' is in the Town Hall at Leeds; and 'STEADY THE DRUMS AND FIFES!' is in the possession of the Regiment whose bravery it commemorates—the "Die-hards" of the Peninsular War. Of the two pictures purchased by the Queen, 'RORKE'S DRIFT' is at Windsor, and 'THE ROLL CALL' is at Osborne.

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